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PRICE TEN CENTS.



"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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PUCK PAYS HIS COMPLIMENTS.

PUCK.—A happy New Year, Mr. Governor! Now, just get to work and show us all what good stuff you 've got in you!



THE NANKIVELL GIRL.

She is tender, she is slender, she is dainty, she's well-bred,
She is pretty, she is witty, she is rather deeply read;
She's as airy as a fairy, she's a Venus sweet and chaste;
She's capricious, but delicious, and she's always dressed with taste.
She is healthy, she is wealthy; all the world is at her feet,
But in painful or disdainful agony her eyebrows meet;
So, Nanki., clever Yankee, you who know her thoughts refined,
Don't be jealous, but please tell us,— what's the trouble on her mind?

Henry Edlin.

AFTER FAME.

JONES.—I hear that Bluster is talking Presidential election already.
SMITH.—Yes;—he wants to be known as the Original Dewey Man.

HIS FIRST THOUGHT.

FIRST TRAMP.—What do yer t'ink of dis "pure beer" idea?
SECOND TRAMP.—I wish dey 'd jest make me one of de inspectors!

AMONG the distinguished victims of the Spanish-American war may be mentioned the Protective Tariff Theory—severely wounded.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

"Pa," began little Clarence Callipers, with the rising inflection of one who desires to learn a great truth, "what—"
"There, my son!" interrupted his father, wearily. "That will do you for this time. I have n't the inclination nor ability to answer any more of your foolish questions to-night; and, so, if you do not immediately turn off your breath, instead of blowing it out, away you go to bed with the speed of an arrow. Understand?"
"Ye-es, sir! But may n't I ask you just one more question, if it is n't foolish?"
"Why, — er — h'm! — if it is n't foolish, I suppose you may."

"Well, then, Pa, what I wish you'd tell me is, if there are three churches of different denominations in a village, and each of 'em quarrel with the other two, and every member of each church quarrels with every other member of his own church, how many quarrels will there be in the course of a year? And if—"
"Go to bed now!"

A POSSIBILITY.

MRS. FLATTE.—What would a warship be without coal?
MR. FLATTE.—Well, it might be used as a flat-building!

THE PEN may be mightier than the sword, but the shotgun reigns in the Carolinas.

THE NEXT question is whether that open door in the Philippines is to be wide open or only slightly ajar.

OF COURSE the soldiers themselves were mostly to blame; if they had n't enlisted, they never would have suffered.

CAUGHT UNAWARES.

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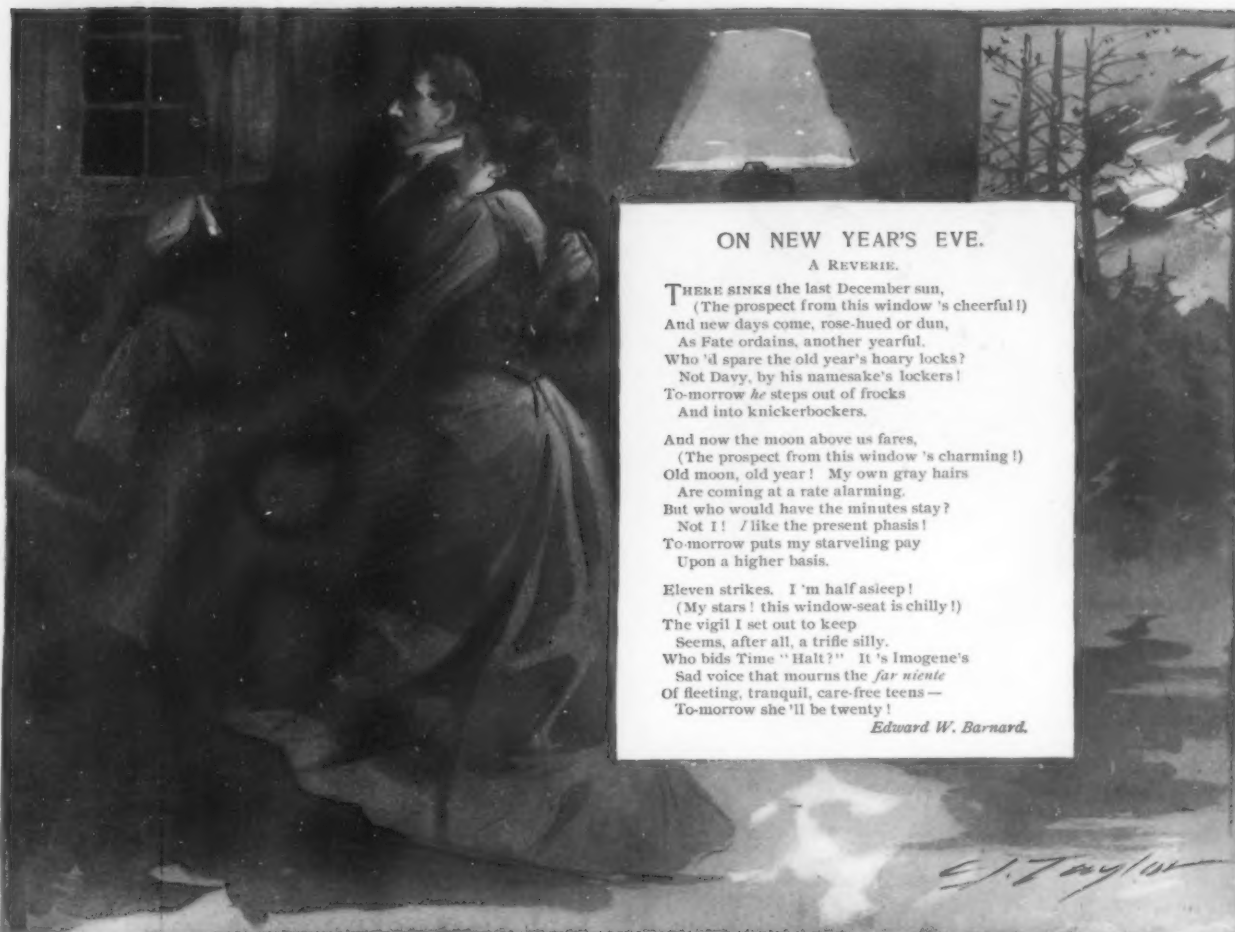
MR. JOE KERR.—Say, you fellows are all acknowledged art critics; I would like you to come out to my house tomorrow afternoon, at, say, half-past four, and see a new picture. I want your opinions on it.
THE CRITICS.—We 'll be there, old man!



MR. JOE KERR.—Well, boys, there it is! Now, give me your honest judgments on it.
FIRST CRITIC.—Bah! No good at all! All out of drawing!
SECOND CRITIC.—The atmosphere is horrible, and who ever saw a sunset like that?
THIRD CRITIC.—Beastly! The sign painter who painted that knew nothing of technique!



MR. JOE KERR.—Gentlemen, excuse me a moment until I open this window-sash. Now, what do you think of the beautiful landscape as seen from my window?



ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

A REVERIE.

THERE SINKS the last December sun,
(The prospect from this window 's cheerful!)
And new days come, rose-hued or dun,
As Fate ordains, another yearful.
Who 'd spare the old year's hoary locks?
Not Davy, by his namesake's lockers!
To-morrow *he* steps out of frocks
And into knickerbockers.

And now the moon above us fares,
(The prospect from this window 's charming!)
Old moon, old year! My own gray hairs
Are coming at a rate alarming.
But who would have the minutes stay?
Not I! / like the present phasis!
To-morrow puts my starveling pay
Upon a higher basis.

Eleven strikes. I 'm half asleep!
(My stars! this window-seat is chilly!)
The vigil I set out to keep
Seems, after all, a trifle silly.
Who bids Time "Halt?" It 's Imogene's
Sad voice that mourns the *far niente*
Of fleeting, tranquil, care-free teens—
To-morrow she 'll be twenty!

Edward W. Barnard.

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WELL RECEIVED.

OTTINGER.—How did old Manyblessed take it, last night, when you told him you wished to marry his eldest daughter?

HENRIQUES.—I rather imagine he wished that I was a Mormon.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE CIRCUS.

THE APE.—The baboon has a great opinion of himself.

THE ORANG-OUTANG.—Yes. He should remember, however, that clothes don't make the monkey.

WATER.

Once upon a time, a Moth, tired and hungry, was fain to dine off a problem novel.

"This is terribly dry!" sighed the Moth.

"I wish I had some of that third mortgage bond of a paper railroad to wash it down with!"

This fable teaches that seemingly worthless things have, after all, their value.

PRONOUNCED VIEWS.

"The Reverend Mr. Oldstyle is an extremist on the question of eternal punishment, is n't he?"

"Yes, indeed! He places the temperature fifty degrees higher than any other clerical authority."

HE CONFESSES.

"And what would you be now if it were n't for my money?"
"A bachelor."

A MANY-SIDED man is a man who can always appear to be right-side up.

CONCERTED ACTION.

BROWN.—They say all diseases proceed from microbes.

JACKSON.—Then, I suppose, "a complication of diseases" means that a lot of assorted microbes have agreed on a harmonious plan of campaign.

MRS. DIMPLETON.—How much does your baby weigh?

MRS. PEACHBLOW.—I don't know. He has n't been weighed for three hours.



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WHAT SPOILED IT.

NEWCOMER (at Winter health-resort).—Is this a restful place?

NATIVE.—Wal, it used to be until people began comin' here for to rest.



A BAD ACTOR.

OLD HORSEY.—It seems to me that young man of yours is very slow getting away nights?

MAUD HORSEY.—He is a bit kittenish, Father; he was at the post thirty-five minutes last night, but I did n't have the heart to rule him off.



HIS OPINION.

"I GUESS it's true that the worm turned," growled the farmer boy to himself, as he wearily twisted the handle of the grindstone round and round. "I've read it in the Third Reader at school, an' I've heard it said time an' again. I don't know whether he turned over in bed, or turned some different color, or turned out badly, or turned Adventist, or how the dingnation he turned; but what I'm here to say is that if the worm turned the grindstone when he did n't have to he was a dum fool! There!"

A DETRIMENTAL CRAZE.

"The doctor says that Aunt Josephine has a thermometer-cough."

"Thermometer-cough? What's that?"

"Why, the kind of cough women get by chasing out on a cold piazza, every hour or so, to see how the thermometer stands."

HIS EXPERIENCE.

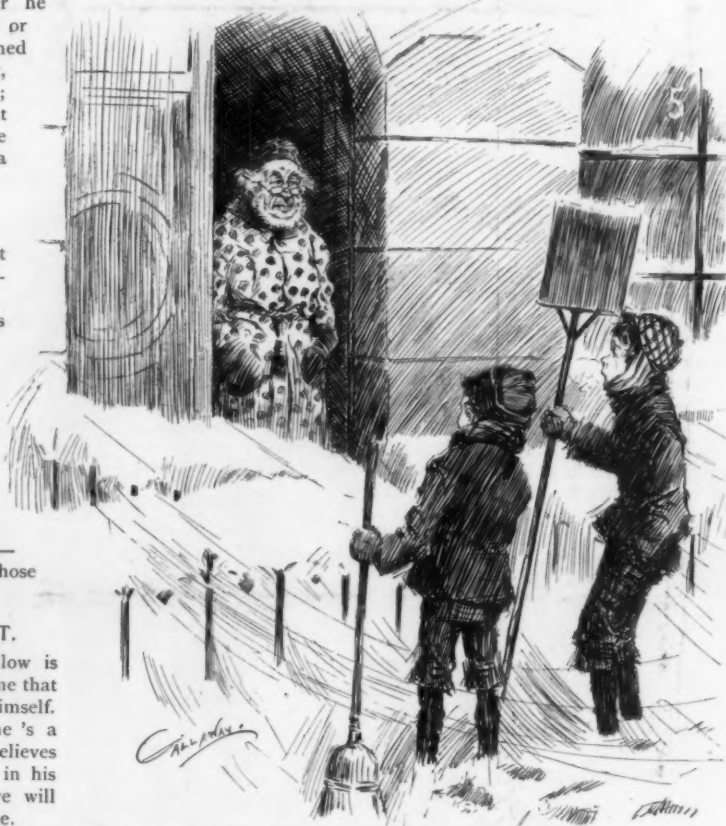
"Cooks," said the suburbanite, "may be divided into two classes—those who resent criticism and those who ignore it."

NOT AT ALL MODEST.

SMIFF.—What kind of a fellow is this man, Bumpshun? It strikes me that he is disgustingly in love with himself.

SNARLE.—He is. Thinks he's a great figure in the world. He believes that when he builds a good fire in his sitting-room stove the cold wave will immediately get out of the State.

SOME MEN go to soda fountains because they would be ashamed to be seen in barrooms; others go to barrooms because they would be ashamed to be seen at soda fountains.



AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

HOUSEHOLDER.—Shoveling snow is a good, hardy, healthy occupation, boys!

TOMMY.—Yes; but we ain't doin' it fer our health. We're doin' it fer thirty cents!

NO IMAGINATIVE POWER.

"I suppose," said the drummer, "that you sell more thermometers than anything else in these cold spells?"

"That's where you're mistaken," replied the storekeeper of Basswood Corners. "Then's when we don't sell any. The men here don't pay any attention to thermometers when the weather gets very cold. They're nothing but automatic contrivances, and can't rise to an emergency, like the human brain can."

THERE ARE MANY SUCH.

TELLER.—Gabbleton boasts that he is a genius.

GRIMSHAW.—He may be; but it strikes me that he is badly out of practice.

COMPENSATION.

MRS. HICHURCH.—Don't you think our minister is becoming heterodox in his views?

HICHURCH.—Yes; but just see how the church is filling up! We may be able to do something with that mortgage, after all.

LOOKS FUNNY, ANYWAY.

"Nature loves a joke."

"How do you know?"

"She often creates a woman who has no sense of humor and a pug-nose."

USING A WORD.

PAPA.—Bobbie, you're eating too fast.

EDITH.—He is pretty consumptive, is n't he, Papa?"



MILITARY MATTERS.

DRILL MASTER (to awkward squad).—A Mauser bullet will go through eighteen inches of solid wood. Remember that, you blockheads!

REVIEW!

THE LEDGER of another year is closed.
The debit and the credit footings made,
The loss and profit written, and we have
A chance to see what our investment 's paid.

Of Pleasure we have taken what we could,
Of Work and Sorrow our allotted share;
Have blossomed out with pride at what we've done,
And withered under Mrs. Grundy's stare.

As tutor to us, Dear Experience
The birch with old-time vim did wield;
and yet
The lessons that we toiled to learn one day
We knew that by the next we should forget.

In all, this year, we've gained somewhat in age,
And, mayhap, wisdom, too, though still inclined
inclined
To blow into the Gun of Circumstance
To learn if it be charged,—and 't is, we find!

Wood Levette Wilson.

THE MODERN REPORTER.

"I have nothing to say," said the interviewer.

But he had, next morning, when he read what he had n't said the day before.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.



WITH THE idea of better training the pupil's mind, in many arithmetical text-books problems are offered for solution which have a bearing on business questions in the concrete. The following, which may assist the pupil in his or her future dealing with domestic affairs, are respectfully suggested to the publishers:

1. If a housewife twist in one hour fifteen minutes 93 "lamp-lighters," when 1250 matches can be bought for 5 cents, at what rate per hour does she value her time, assuming the worth of the paper to be zero?
2. If the aforesaid woman will take six steps across a room and six returning, each step being of 22 inches, to save one match, how far should she consistently walk to save 5 cents car-fare?
3. If a man can drive from boards in 50 minutes 78 nails of a certain size, what wages is he earning per hour, nails being worth 4 cts. per pound, and there being 100 of this size in one pound?
4. In a certain climate, underwear at a price of \$4.00 per Winter will insure against colds. Assuming that underwear costing \$1.00 per season will lead to two visits from the doctor at \$1.50 each, what is the saving by the purchase of the cheaper material?
5. Oil is worth 9 cts. per gallon. Lamp A burns 45 gallons in the reading or sewing period of one year; lamp B 25 gallons. Spectacles A cost \$4.50; spectacles B, \$0.25. If lamp B and spectacles B are used, the eyesight is made useless in 8 years for a person whose expectation of sound eyesight with the use of lamp A and spec. A is 25 years. Making no allowance for deterioration of lamps or spectacles, estimate the value of eyes per pair.



HIGH PRAISE.

ISAACS.—My friendt Oppenheimer said dis vos a nice, comfortable hotel vere vun got vun's moneysh's vorth!
CLERK.—Very complimentary, I'm sure!
ISAACS.—You bet id vos! If you run dis hotel so Oppenheimer vos n't kickin', I guess nopody need n't ter kick!



AN ARGUMENT IN ITS FAVOR.

MAMA.—They *would* take fencing lessons; but I don't approve of it! I don't think fencing is necessary for young ladies!
THE PROFESSOR.—Certainly not, Madame! If eet were a mere necessity, Madame would be right to despise eet; but it ees an accomplishment, a luxury!

FAIRY GARB.

Octave smiled radiantly into Zephyrine's glorious eyes.
"Thou shalt be my good fairy," he whispered.
The simple maiden shuddered.
"No, no, no!" she protested, and covered her face with her hands; "I promised Mama I should never wear tights!"
Thus there arose between them a cloud, necessitating another act, not to mention incidental music and specialties.

IN KANSAS.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I heard he got to be a road agent.
SECOND CITIZEN.—Worse than that! He's a railroad agent.

HIS OPINION.

MAMA.—I don't like you to play with boys who are not good.
JOHNNY.—But the others are no good.

MANHATTAN.—So you were out to visit poor old Has-been the other day? What sort of a town is he living in?

BROADWAY.—It is one of those d—d country towns that a man can not take a drink in without having an excuse.



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EMBARRASSING.

MRS. DEWITTE.—Mr. Jones says he never likes to see a play the first night!

DEWITTE.—No; it makes him uneasy. He can't tell what to think of it till he has seen the criticisms!

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

"But," said the superintendent of construction, "how are we, in building this pyramid, to get such enormous masses of stone up to such a height with our somewhat primitive appliances?"

"What difference does that make?" replied the immortal Cheops. "Go ahead and do the job and let future historians invent a method for us."

A PALPABLE INCONSISTENCY.

ROXANA RAILFENCE.—What a beautiful poem that is, "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night!" The first line runs: "England's sun was setting —"

REUBEN RAILFENCE.—Ho! Ho! Whoever writ that did n't know what they was talkin' about. Have n't ye read that the sun never sets on the hull British Empire?

PUCK.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE NEW YEAR. PUCK wishes a Happy New Year to everyone: to his readers, his esteemed and disesteemed contemporaries, to all the peoples of the earth and their rulers; to all parties, churches, sects and tribes; and, more especially, to the Government and people of the United States of America.

A word to these latter: Before you set down this wish as the smug, empty, conventional New Year's wish, a wish that you shall have a good time with no trials or stumblings, he begs to warn you that it is not that kind of wish at all. In the first place that kind of wish means nothing, because you never can have that smooth kind of year. And, in the second place, he would n't want you to have it if you could. He dissents emphatically from the saying that "the happiest people have no history." The oyster has a minimum of history, and, by the same token, he has no happiness, remaining negative to all emotion, presumably, even during the tragedy that should mark the close of all worthy oysters. That is not the kind of life that is being wished for you here. Rather a life full of history, full of stress and strife of one sort or another, events that will keep you from lying down and being oysters of only another degree, perplexities that will exercise your mental muscles and drive you on to get your growth as individuals and as a nation.

You have had that kind of year, and honestly, now, don't you feel better for it? However you stand on the big questions of the day, don't you feel more important than you did a year ago at this time? Even though you have opposed everything we have done, the war, the way it was fought, and the taking of new territory, don't you feel that we have grown,—in a deeper sense than mere geographical extension,—that our outlook is wider, that we are stronger in better knowing our own strength, and that we are better able as a nation to cope with the problems that every nation must meet so long as it exists? And yet we have come to this new strength, or this increased knowledge of our strength, which is the same thing, through the bitterest kind of experience, through trials and perplexities and unceasing trouble. Without that experience we should not be so strong. That is the kind of year PUCK hopes the new one will be; and, if present conditions keep their promises, that is just the kind of year it is going to be.

Not a year of war, be it understood, but a year of swift growth toward the time when we shall be able to avoid war. But, if we should not be able to avoid war in this new year, why, then war, by all means, and with all our might. War is hateful; it not only cruelly wastes the lives of the people, but it makes slaves of them by taking from them what they have worked for. But war has been inevitable in that tangled skein the scientists call Evolution, and we need only know concerning it that we are to avoid it when we can; meaning that we are to grow, to raise our ideals and to hold to them unflinchingly at any cost, be it war, or less.

By those who decry this optimism it is argued that our taking of new territory has added to our troubles without benefiting us; that we already had more problems than we could work out. And this is not an unreasonable argument. Surely we did have all the problems any people could rationally wish for. But there is that unyielding fact that new ones were thrust upon us. We were not looking for them, but we found them just the same. Call it "destiny," if you like, or lay it to self-seeking politicians, it amounts to the same. We have the problems under the law of cause and effect—the one law that has no side-door

business about it. Human weakness is a factor in it, undoubtedly, but no one has ever been able to eliminate it. Since we have to meet the problems, then, it remains for us to get all the instruction out of them we can. And, from this point of view we can perhaps see how the new problems are going to help us solve some of the old ones.

See how neatly one of them has been solved and disposed of forever. The tour of President McKinley through the Southern States has made manifest a condition that is worth more than all the war cost us in lives and dollars. And the war produced it. And we can sink many millions of dollars in our new investments without balancing the account, too. The North and the South are not only truly reunited, but they have new aims that will keep them so; new interests and diversions that they will share in common.

Another thing worth remembering, before you worry about the coming year, is our amazing prosperity. During this year, when we have been so engrossed with what many good folks believe was none of our business, we have sold to other nations more of our products than ever before, and we have also sold more than any other nation in the world. Again, we have bought less abroad than we ever did before. Get the figures and study them. They are significant. They mean that our energy, our productive power, had grown until the old boundaries would no longer confine it. It had to have new outlets.

It is plain that we have got to grow, though we protest at every step, and though there should seem to be good immediate reasons for protesting. The only way to cheerfulness about it is to take the long view, and to know that we can not have too much of experience. And that is why the Happy New Year that PUCK wishes you is not a dull, tame, stagnant year, but a live year, full of events and fresh, new leadings.



A REMONSTRANCE.

"Fo' de Lawd! what am de sense ob yo' makin' all dat fuss? What fo' yo' done gittin' de hystericks? I ain't a-gwine ter take yo' till some odder night!"

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PUCK.





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SHE'S ALL RIGHT.

FRIEND.—You told me you had joined the Audubon Society; yet your new hat is trimmed almost entirely with birds, and birds' plumage!

THE WEARER OF THE HAT.—Yes; but, you see, these birds were all killed before I joined the Society!

A COMPLICATED CASE.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

By A—a K—th—r—n Gr—n.

"XOU ARE a detective," said the landlord of the Red Lion Inn, as an old man, wearing several suits of clothes and with a pair of false whiskers dangling from his vest-pocket, stepped up to the register.

"How do you know?" asked the other, in well-assumed decrepit tones.

"By the band on your hat," replied the landlord.

The old man took off his hat and read the inscription in letters of gilt, "Pinkerton Detective."

"You are sharp-sighted," said he, admiringly. "Yes, I am a detective, and as I am a union man I have to wear that band on my hat, but I find it hampers me in my work." Then he continued: "I want a room on the first floor with six windows in it. If I come here at midnight and call through this megaphone in a loud whisper, admit me without question. I am to unravel the mystery of the murder of Hiram Spencer, yesterday."

"Hiram Spencer!" exclaimed the landlord. "Why, he was in here ten minutes ago, and there he goes up Main Street."

The detective took out his date-book. "Foiled again!" he muttered; "the murder is to be to-day. I kept thinking to-day was Tuesday and it's Sunday. Well, I'm here and it's no use to go 'way back to New York now, so I'll stay until my services are needed. Remember one thing: No matter who comes out of my room, I am he. I am now going to prepare some clues and I don't want to be disturbed. Let no one into my room unless he insists."

So saying, the detective, who was none other than Ebenezer Gryce, the man who unraveled the Leavenworth affair, next door, assumed the gait of a two-year-old, and, neighing merrily, pranced into his room.

The landlord, Ephraim Muggins, was the step-son and brother-in-law of the soon-to-be-murdered man, and he wished to save the victim's life, if possible; but how could he do it without knowing something more

about the affair? He summoned a bell-boy and told him to follow Spencer and bring him back with him. "Tell him that I wish to blow him off, if everything else fails."

Everything else did fail, but at the prospect of free beverages he came back. He was a smooth-faced man: one of those persons who might be anywhere from seven to seventy. His manners were so highly polished that you could see your own manners in them.

He entered the room just as a ballet-dancer of trim figure walked out of the detective's room and seated herself behind the stove in a position to hear, yet not be heard.

"Do you expect to be murdered, Hiram?" asked the landlord.

Spencer's face fell. He picked it up and put it in position before he answered. "What did you say?" said he, dropping his tones, but recovering them again, immediately.

"I say, do you expect to be murdered?"

"Why, I was n't looking forward to it with any degree of certainty."

"That is all," said the landlord. He rang three times for a porter.

"What's the matter with a little porter for me?" asked Spencer.

At the sound of the sickly jest the landlord sprang over the counter and smote Spencer in the face. He reeled and would have fallen, only people never do when they reel,—have you ever noticed it?—and the landlord, smiting his hands, said, "What have I done?"

The ballet-girl stepped from behind the stove.

"You have murdered Hiram Spencer, and now my duties begin," said she, in the well-known tones of Gryce.

"Have you registered?" asked the landlord, with professional urbanity. He was always keen for business.

The ballet-dancer pulled off her wig and stood revealed as the great detective. "The weather is too hot for many registers," said he, grinning. Then his voice changed. "Do you want to make a fortune?" asked he.

"Yes;—how?" asked the landlord, awakening his cupidity without effort.

"Spencer has been killed as I said he would," said Gryce, gazing intently at the back of his own head; a habit he had when in earnest. "It will be a mystery, of course, or there would be no need of me. I will unravel it. Help me and you will never be found out, but we will divide the reward that is sure to be offered.

"Who will offer the reward?" asked the landlord, suspiciously.

"You, as the dead man's next of kin," said Gryce to the soles of his feet.

Together the two men lifted Spencer, and, hailing an electric car, proceeded to his home with him. There they left the inanimate man on his front-stoop after pinning a paper onto his coat-tails, bearing the inscription, "I have been foully murdered."

Then Gryce returned to the hotel to prepare another disguise.

The landlord was in a quandary. His cupidity made him desire to share the reward, but could he trust Gryce not to denounce him as the murderer? Then, too, if he offered the reward himself and gave Gryce half he would be out that much. And how could he gain the reward unless he was found out?

He remained wrapped in thought for a few moments, and then he unwound the wrappers. He could hear Gryce cleverly disguising himself in his room. In a few minutes a lady, richly attired in a décolleté gown, stepped

from the room. She held in her hands a dress-suit case and without a word stepped into the street.

"Wonderful man!" said the landlord. He will have found the supposed murderer before nightfall!"

The evening editions of *The Daily Caller* bore these startling headlines: "Hiram Spencer done to death! No suicide, as a note on his coat-tails plainly shows. \$10,000 reward offered for the capture of the murderer."

Gryce was a man who never worked upon hearsay evidence. He relied entirely upon clues, of which he always kept a large number on hand. As soon as he heard the extras on the street he opened his dress-suit case, to get out a clue. When he had opened it he uttered a cry of chagrin. He had left all his clues in New York, and without them he could not afford to endanger his reputation as the only American rival to Sherlock Holmes. He shut up the bag and returned to the hotel.

"The jig's up," he said to the landlord.

"What do you mean?" asked that functionary, turning a couple of shades paler than was becoming.

"By a piece of unpardonable stupidity my man forgot to put my clues in my dress-suit case, and there is nothing left for me to do but to throw up the case and go back to New York. The mystery is impenetrable." Gryce tugged at a string attached to his corsage and his disguise fell off in a twinkling and revealed him clad in a linen duster, suitable for traveling.

Ephraim Muggins, the landlord, felt a great weight removed from his heart. He bowed the detective to the door, and the next minute, to his intense astonishment, Hiram Spencer entered the hotel.

How he came to be there, the further work of Gryce, and what became of the reward, will be told in the sequel to this captivating story, entitled:

"THE GLOVELESS HAND."

Charles Battell Loomis.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

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HE WAS N'T HASTY.

"You don't judge a man by his clothes, do you, Robinson?"

"Oh, no! I always consult his tailor first."

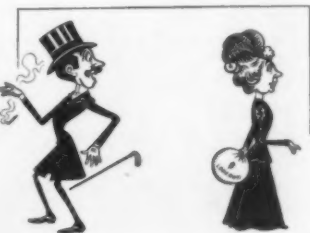
SOME MEN are born great, some achieve greatness, and some could n't tell to save their necks how it happened.



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



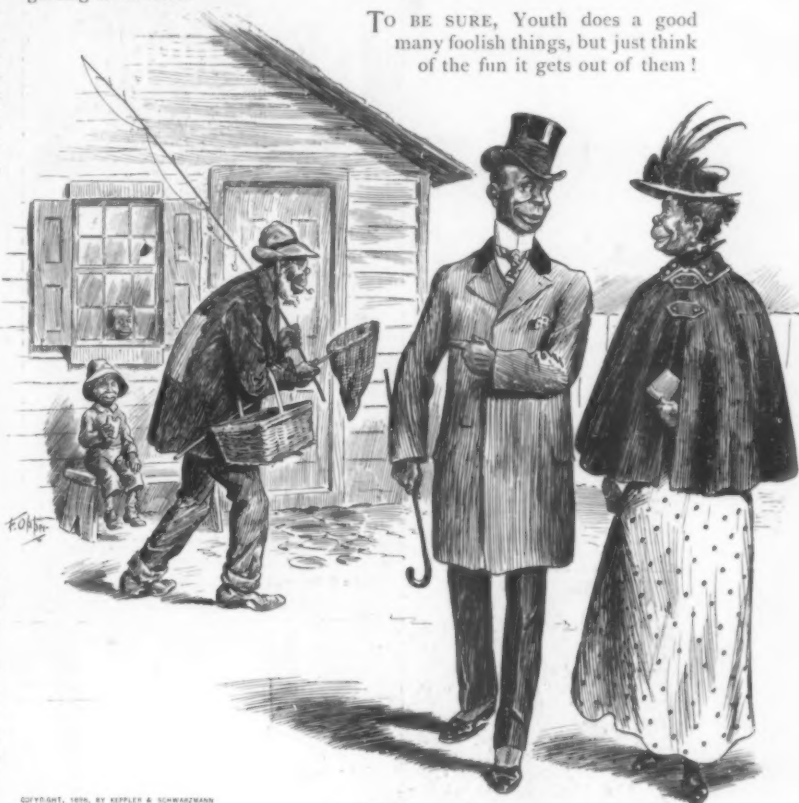
VI.

CREDIT WAS STRONGER.

"I suppose," said the grocery salesman, "that business is better, even in a small country town like this, than it was a few years ago, during the hard times?"

"Well, no; can't say it is," replied the Houndtown grocer. "In the hard times the people had n't any money to speak of, and consequently did n't buy anything; but when times loosened up a little, why, you know, credit got better, and then they bought all they wanted, but insisted on getting it on time."

TO BE SURE, Youth does a good many foolish things, but just think of the fun it gets out of them!



HIS SUNDAY CLOTHES.

MOSE.—Dar goes ole Jackson in his Sunday suit ob clothes.

HENRIETTA (surprised).—His Sunday suit?

MOSE.—Yais; dat 's de suit he goes fishin' an' crabbin' in.

NEEDED EVERYWHERE.

"Swiggs has invented another kind of metal street-car fender."

"What is it?"

"He wears it over his knees to keep people from stepping on his toes."

NO ONE TO DUN HIM.

"The man who pays as he goes has one advantage over the other fellow."

"What 's that?"

"He can rest when he gets there."

REVISED.

HIS FATHER.—But dot girl has no moneysh.

THE LOVER.—But she is so handsome!

HIS FATHER.—Vell, handsome is vot handsome 's vorth.

SOME PEOPLE seem, in fact, to prefer to serve by standing and waiting.

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HE (after marriage).—I don't see why you are not as considerate of my comfort as you used to be of your father's.

SHE.—Why, my dear, I am!

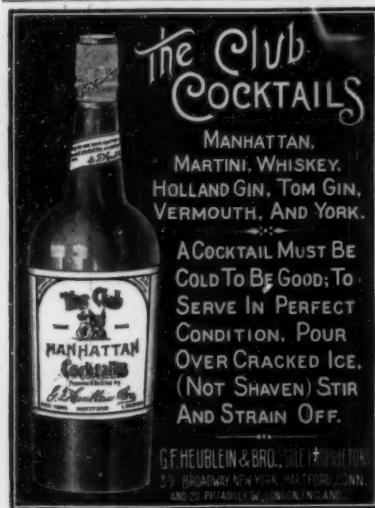
HE.—How do you make that out? When I come into the house I have to hunt around for my slippers and everything else I happen to want; but when I used to court you, and your father would come in from downtown, you would rush around gathering up his things, wheel his easy-chair up to the fire, warm his slippers, and get him both a head-rest and a foot-rest, so that all he had to do was to drop right down and be comfortable.

SHE.—Oh! that was only so he'd go to sleep sooner.—*New York Weekly.*

A GOOD name-plate is to be chosen rather than much enamel.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

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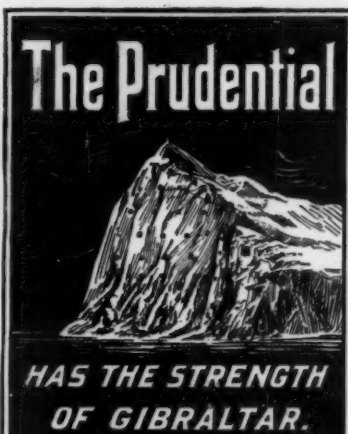
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AN EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE.
MR. HIBORN.—By what unit of measurement would you properly estimate a man's devotion to you?
MISS LOWE.—The carat.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

GOODNESS that does not come from within, but is applied to the surface, is likely to crack and peel off at any time.
—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*



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THE HATTER.

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I'm always sure to win."

—*Washington Star.*

PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.

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"Lifting the mortgage."

Then came one of those strange coincidences that we encounter along the pathway of existence. A dynamite cartridge exploded, fragments of a stump filled the air and it required no exaggerated stretch of imagination to think that the mortgage was being most effectually lifted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

'T IS bad for religion that piety and dyspepsia so much resemble each other.
—*Adams Freeman.*



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WHEN a man is getting on well we usually mean he is getting well off. — *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

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II.

MRS. BILLINGS (*aloud*). — John! John! Did you see that handsome girl try to flirt with you?

MR. BILLINGS (*with alacrity*). — No! Where? Where?

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MISERIES OF WEALTH.
MR. PINCHPENNY. — I worked and slaved many a long year for my money, only to find at last that wealth does not bring happiness.
MR. SLIMPURSE. — Does n't it?
MR. PINCHPENNY. — No. I can't spend a dollar without putting money into some one else's pocket. — *New York Weekly*.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.

SUE BRETTE. — How did Chloe give that laughing song?
FOOTE LIGHT. — All right, I guess; everybody was laughing at her. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

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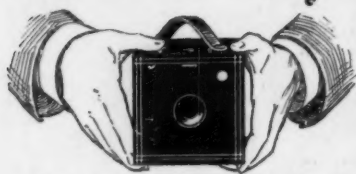
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In looking forward to Christmas the future and the "present" seem closely allied. — *L. A. W. Bulletin.*

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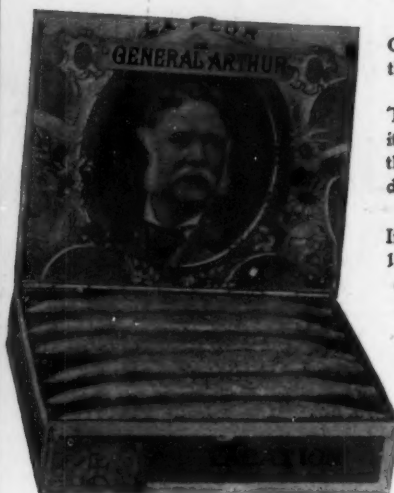
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Geisha Girls, by Miss Alice Nielsen, the Actress.

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Art in Portrait Photography will be found to be a very interesting discussion of the subject by Rupert Hughes.

IN WOMAN'S FASHIONS.

The Muff in Woman's Costume, by Margaret S. Patterson.

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Sir Norman Lockyer writes on The Eclipse Expedition to India.

IN LITERATURE.

The World of Art and Letters is covered by Israel Zangwill.

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Suggestions as to education in homes.

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Home Life of English Royalty, by Arthur H. Beavan.

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What is a Gentleman? An English view by Julian Ralph and an American view by John Brisben Walker.

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TEACHER.—In the sentence, "The
sick boy loves his medicine," what part
of speech is love?

JOHNNY.—It's a lie, Mum. — *Rox-
bury Gazette*.

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I.
Miss PURRING.—Oh! what glory! To think / am the cham-
pion! To think / won the prize!



II.
"Oh! goodness me! Just look at that rough-looking man
coming! What shall I do? There is no one in sight to help me.



III.
"Oh! I am lost! I am lost! If I run he will catch me. But,
stay — there is one hope!



IV.
"My only chance! Just listen to his ferocious shouts!



V.
"Now, if I should miss this shot all is lost.



VI.
"Biff! Bang!



VII.
"I never missed that shot in my life. Now, by the time he
recovers I shall be safe at home."



VIII.
THE ROUGH-LOOKING ONE (after recovering his breath, ten
minutes later).—Say, I was up ag'inst it dat time! Soon 's I
git me breath I 'm goin' t' start fer some Indian reservation
where de squaws don't know how t' handle nothin' more dan-
gerous than bowie-knives an' tommy-hawks.